

West (B)

MELMOTH,

THE

Wanderer:

A MELO-DRAMATIC ROMANCE,

IN

by B. West

THREE ACTS,

(FOUNDED ON THE POPULAR NOVEL OF THAT NAME,)

PERFORMED, FOR THE FIRST TIME, AT THE

Royal Coburg Theatre,

On MONDAY, the 14th of JULY, 1823.

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TO

FRANCIS HUNTLEY, ESQ.

TO WHOSE ATTENTION AND TALENT THE DRAMA OF

MELMOTH, THE WANDERER,

IS SO DEEPLY INDEBTED FOR ITS PRODUCTION AND SUCCESS,

THE FOLLOWING PAGES ARE SINCERELY INSCRIBED,

BY HIS OBLIGED,

B. WEST.

MARYLEBONE, JULY 20, 1823.

For Recd, 24th Dec 43, Francis

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MELMOTH, <i>the Wanderer</i>	Mr. BENGOUGH.
WALBURG, <i>the Victim</i>	Mr. HUNTLEY.
FREDERICO, <i>his Child</i>	Miss YOUNG.
LORENZO, <i>in love with Immalee</i>	Mr. HOWELL.
ANSELMO, <i>an aged Monk</i>	Mr. GALE.
GRIMON, <i>Sailor of the Inquisition</i>	Mr. BRADLEY.
ROZOMBIRO, <i>an Inn-keeper</i>	Mr. FISHER.
POPO, <i>his Factotum</i>	Mr. SLOMAN.
INQUISITORS,	{ Mr. COOPER.
	{ Mr. HOBBS.
MUTES,	{ Mr. ASBURY.
	{ Mr. GEORGE.
LAWYER,	Mr. HONOR.
MURDERED MONK,	Mr. BOULANGER.

Monks, Familiars, Inquisitors, Officers, &c. &c.

INA, <i>Wife of Walburg</i>	Mrs. STANLEY.
IMMALEE, <i>their Daughter</i>	Mrs. YOUNG.
SLUTTO, <i>attached to Popo</i>	Miss. GASKILL.

Nuns, Attendants, &c. &c.

SCENE--*Spain.*

MELMOTH, THE WANDERER!

A Melo-Drame.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Room in a Spanish Inn.*

Enter ROZOMBEIRO and POPO.

Roz. Out! out! you graceless varlet, you! the house has not been open many weeks, and you must be ogling the maids, instead of minding your work, you lazy loon!

Popo. I'm sure, master, I work the flesh off my very bones; look at my fingers else.—Oh! my Slutto! its all for you! Oh! Oh!

Roz. Come, Come! have done with your snivelling, and get to your work! Before this Slutto came, you could work, and do things as they ought to be; now, devil's in me if I can get a stroke done any how! but, she shall troop. I wont have my work stand still for love, and be damn'd to it!

Popo. And what work are you talking of?

Roz. The customers.

Popo. Ho, ho, he, he, he! the customers!

Roz. What are you grinning at, you ragamuffin?

Popo. Why sir! he, he, hum! you said the customers.

Roz. Well sir! and what then?

Popo. Why, Sir, then to my simple knowledge there has'nt been a dozen since you opened house; and although you have whited your house from top

to bottom, so as to put people's eyes out with looking, I've been actually obliged to get tipsy every night, if it was only for the sake of setting a good example to our neighbours.

Roz. Why—ah! that is—it is a lamentable fact that we really have not enough to do.

Popo. Oh—ho! Master, don't say so! If you have not got enough to do, we have—that is, me—I have! Why, hav'nt I got to range out your windows every day—scour all your floors? Didn't I whiten the whole front of your house? And now, to fill up my time, hav'nt I got to do the back—nothing?—Why, I'm gardener—waiter—fetcher and carrier all day and night too. I, master of mine, have enough to do, whatever you have; so don't say *we* are idle.

Roz. Why, you varlet—I'll—I'll kick ye out of my doors! How dare you open your mouth to talk to your master—eh, you villain? I'll teach ye!

Popo. Now, my good old master!—It's of no use making a fuss—I know I am as serviceable a young chap as any in all Spain; and so, if you won't let me marry my little Slutto, why, a fig for you I say!—pay me my wages, and we'll trudge together!

Roz. Why, my good fellow—(*Knocking*)—There, don't you hear there's somebody knocking; and, by the loudness, somebody of consequence;—there, go your ways, and mind your work!—the house will thrive some day, and then I may rise your wages—(*Aside*) I must not lose him! He does more work for a little money than two would do for double!—(*Knocking.*)—I'm coming!—There, go your ways! [*Exit Landlord.*]

Enter SLUTTO.

Popo. Ah! my little Slutto! I've been having a quarrel with master about you.

Slutto. About me! laws, have ye?

Popo. Yes, have I!—and he says he'll turn me out of doors, and marry you himself.

Slutto. He marry me!—Why, the nasty filthy old fellow—marry him!—and do you think if you was turned out that I would stay in!—No! not I, indeed! So we will go together!

Popo. Why, that's just what I've been saying to myself!—says I, if she's turned—that is, if I'm turn'd out—should I stay be—no, if she's turned out—will she—that is, would I——Why, hang him, he's put me in such a way, I hardly know what I say. But, I'll tell you what—if you like, I'll go to the Monastery, and ask Father Anselmo to make us one. I've got a little money, and we will set up an inn, and the devil's in it if we don't get on as well as master, eh!—What says my *Slutto*? Will you be Signora *Slutto* *Popo*, and make your fortune?

Slutto. Oh, yes—I don't object. And now you bring it up—I don't mind telling ye, that I've often wanted to pop the question myself, but could never muster enough courage.

Popo. Oh, *Slutto*! you're an angel—and I'm your fellow—and so we shall do. Now, come along—let old surly pipe—and be hanged. I don't think we're in the wrong—to get up in the world.—(*Rozombiro calls*—“*Popo! Popo!*”)—Coming! There, I must be off. (“*Popo!*”) Coming! Stay here, and I'll be back in a jeffy!

[*Exit Popo.*]

Slutto. Well, I do love him! And to fill up my time—I'll sing a song about love—

Song—*SLUTTO.*

Tell me, have you seen a toy,
Call'd Love—a little boy,
Armed with arrows, wanton, blind,
Cruel now, and then as kind,
If he be among you, say,
He is Venus' runaway;
And ne'er be sure,
For, lo! his lure,
Is a rose d'amour.

Wings he hath, which though ye clip,
 He will leap from lip to lip ;
 If, by chance, his arrows miss,
 He will shoot ye in a kiss,
 If he be among you, say,
 He is Venus' runaway ;
 And ne'er be sure,
 For, lo ! his lure,
 La rose d'amour.

Enter ROZOMBIRO, followed by MELMOTH.

Roz. No, Signor—they've not arrived yet.

Mel. Very well!

Roz. Would you please to take any thing, Signor?
 this is the New Inn, on the Old Road;—stands
 well—eh! doesn't it, Signor?

Mel. Ay—ay—talkative booby!

Roz. Beg your Honour's pardon! but—but as
 my house is—

Mel. Landlord—I wish to be private! leave the
 room! If I should need you, I will call.

Roz. Oh, my good Signor—I'm gone! But—as
 my house—

Mel. Begone instantly! bring me intelligence the
 instant they arrive! away!

[Exit Rozombiro, vexed.]

Mel. (solus.) The awful hour draws on—no time
 must be lost! Immalee once mine—how to gain her—
 'tis plain she loves me! but, then the terms—her
 first-born immolated! how to act—how to resolve—
 I know not! and yet—(*muses.*)—It must be so! I'll
 put it to him! should he refuse me—the infernal
 aid I have so dearly purchased—must assist me!
 Despair, misery, and death, must glare before him!
 One way alone remains—ages of torment await me—
 three days remain. Horror! but three!—(*Rozombiro*
enters.) How now?

Roz. They've just arrived at my new house—
 they're admiring my incomparable inn—I must go
 and help them with their cloaks. Here, Popo!
 Jaccho! Slutto!

[Exit.]

Mel. Ha! now to commence!—This letter laid on the table—now to Guzman's!—the Will! (*searches his bosom.*)—'Tis here!—Immalee, be kind! consent!—they come! I must not yet be seen!

Roz. (*without.*) This way, Signor!—This way!

Mel. They are here! the casement! it must be so!
[*Opens it, and jumps out.*]

Enter WALBURG, INA, IMMALEE, LORENZO, FREDERICO, and followed by ROZOMBIRO.

Roz. This way! this way!—eh! why, where the diavolo has the Signor flown to?—I left him here this instant; and—oh! here is a note—left by him, I dare say—"To Walburg."—Is that your name, Signor?

Wal. It is!—(*Takes letter, opens it, and reads*)—"Thy uncle is already dead! Haste to the Castello!"

Ina. Dead! then we have arrived too late!

Wal. It vexes me sore! I had borne his hate so long, that could I on his death-bed have received his proffered love, 'twould have been a balm to all my sorrow.

Lor. Tut! let not that vex thee!—thy fortunes will prosper, I warrant.—The summons said, haste to me—heir of my wealth, did it not?

Wal. It did, good youth.—Immalee—you appear dejected!—Come—come—drive this Rinaldo from thy mind!—Here is Lorenzo—true to thee, although thou hast slighted him. Come hither to me! let me join your hands—and, oh, may heaven join your hearts!—Immalee!

Imma. (*abstractedly.*) Father!

Wal. Nay, Immalee—banish this folly—I was speaking of Lorenzo.

Imma. Oh, father! press it no farther? you know I respect Lorenzo—but Rinaldo!—ah! he alone retains my—love!

Loren. Rinaldo! but he is dead!

Imma. Ha! it may be! it may be! but I've a somewhat here (*her heart*) assures me he is not!

Loren. Nay, Immalee! you talk wildly!—these feet followed him to the grave—these eyes beheld earth close on him for ever.

Imma. (*affected.*) Lorenzo! dear Lorenzo! if indeed you love me, do not—oh, do not—touch so harshly the string of all my woes!—Forbear! forbear!

Wal. (*who has been talking apart with Ina.*) Tut! tut, wife!—What a plague makes ye so melancholy? how could we have made a proper appearance? I tell you 'twas all for the best!

Ina. Best!—ha, Walburg! if he should have altered his opinion before his death, and nothing more likely—our whole resources destroyed—our money exhausted—ruin and misery will be the consequence!

Wal. Pshaw! why, what makes you so fond of damping our joy?—Look on our boy here—how could we have provided for him?—and suppose he should have altered his will—here's Lorenzo and I—two healthy men. Wife! wife! Want will never show his face where we appear! We can work—can't we?

Ina. Work! Who will employ you, in this land of bigotry?—How can you live in the very heart of the Inquisition?

Wal. Come! come! enough of this!—By this time our refreshment is ready—I must partake hastily—then fly to Guzman's—and know whether we are heirs to happiness, or kin to woe. Come, wife! Hold up your head! you need not blush!—I forgive you—you shall be a great personage, think so or not. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Room in Guzman's Palace—In the centre a Bureau, surmounted with a handsome Case. Melmoth enters hastily—he looks round with caution—takes Parchment from his bosom.* [*Music.*

Mel. No one observes—This writing, an exact imitation—in aught save the purport—must be sub-

stituted for the one in yonder case. Not an instant must be lost. The key!—'tis here. (*Opens the case—takes out papers—places others in their stead—looks round with agitation—Music.*) 'Tis mine!—Now, Immalee, thy breath alone will save thy father, mother, all that thou dost love, respect, or reverence.—Hist!—that noise!—they come!—This closet must conceal me. (*He enters.*)

[*Several friends of the deceased enter—Monks and Officers of the Inquisition—Inhabitants of the City—Servants of Guzman enter and range themselves. Melmoth comes forward, disguised as a Monk. Walburg, with Lawyers, enter. Anselmo stands forward—while the Characters enter.—Music.*]

Ansel. Hear! Friends of the deceased Guzman! with him, till life and troubles closed; he opened his mind to me; let not my friends be surprised,—said he;—I have ever loved them.—These were his dying words—Walburg, I auger well for you;—He often spoke of you, and on his death-bed he blessed you.

Wal. Thanks, holy Father, for your information; we had been long at variance, and it joys me much to hear it—Please you, and this good company, we will proceed; my family await the result of this hour with impatience.

Ansel. Proceed to your duty!—(*To the Lawyers.*)

[*The Case is opened;—the Lawyers open the Will; they start in amazement.*]

Lawyers. Good Heavens! most wonderful!

Wal. (*observing them.*) These bigots!—my cup of happiness astounds them! their indignation will not allow them to articulate. Give me the Will!—I'll read it!—nay, doubt me not, all shall hear me—(*takes it, looks at it an instant—starts.*) Gods—what do I see!—“All, all to the Church,”—signed—Guzman;—sealed too—his arms!—ha!—support me!—

(*the Monks approach him*) off!—a light breaks in upon me;—the Monks, ha, ha, tis' a vile forgery, Anselmo!—you say you was with him! saw him die! (*seizes him*) 'twas you!—confess!—confess that Will!—how came it there?—my brain! I shall go mad!—(*supplicates*) Anselmo!—Think on my wife, my children, my—ha! Misery! Beggary!—ha, ha, ha, (*swoons*)

Mel. (*aside*,) It works as I would wish (*aloud*) raise him, he will recover.

Ansel. (*supporting him*,) Rouse thee! rouse thee, Walburg! all will be well, the Church will provide for thee.

Monks and Inquisitors. Never!

Ansel. Why!—your reason?

Inquis. He is an Heretic!

Monks. Away with him!

Wal. (*recovering*,) Ha! heard ye that?—Where is the Will?

Lawyer. 'Tis here.

Wal. Keep it then—I'll not be juggled thus:—it shall be judged. Go, call the Officers together. Monks, let your superiors attend—it shall be tried. Away, ye grovelling things!—But now ye thought me rich and mighty; ye would have licked the dust from off my feet. Now, that the tide has changed, beggary and infamy be my portion. Get hence, I say! or, by offended heaven, I'll strew such fell destruction o'er ye, that none shall live to tell his fellow out. Away! I say. (*All except Melmoth exeunt*,) How now! why dost linger? I know thee not.

Mel. (*taking off his cloak*,) Not know me, Walburg?—thy friend Rinaldo! (*Walburg starts*,)—Why do ye wonder?—How fares my Immalee?

Wal. Thy Immalee!—Avaunt! there is no lustre in thy orbless eyes. Away!—I know thee now; and here, before the face of heaven, I swear, by all my hopes of happiness to come, she——

Mel. Walburg!—Pause ere you pronounce.—
 List to me—Know me for thy master; aye, and
 I'll show it too. Refuse me the hand of thy fair
 daughter, and biting, nameless, horrid misery o'er-
 takes ye. Think, Walburg, on Melmoth, when
 rustling in straw—praying to stone walls—your wife,
 your children, stretched around ye in the agonies of
 death—hated by all—shunned, forsaken—then, then
 will you think of Melmoth, and curse the hour you
 was born. Be wise—be wise.—Consent—and
 happiness, life, and pleasure are thine.

Wal. Horror freezes me—Cold sweats bedew my
 palsied limbs—but strength permits—I repeat,
 will die repeating it, despite thy boasted power—
 she never shall be thine. Listen to me, Melmoth:
 (for such I find thou art): I once loved thee, even
 as Immalee:—I should have joyed to call ye Son.
 Alas! I knew thee not. The night arrived that
 should have seen your marriage—A man whom you
 had offended struck ye to the heart; and, stretched
 in the embrace of death, the bride beheld the
 stricken bridegroom with deepest woe—me and
 mine did honours to your corpse, and buried you in
 a grave formed by nature—in a rude, but honoured
 rock. Judge, then, my disgust and horror, when I
 see thee stand before me in all the horrid reality of
 life, demanding my innocent child as the bride—
 the bride of the grave. I sicken with disgust.—
 By heaven, I would not call thee son, though 'twas
 to purchase life!—(*Rushes out.*)

Mel. Indeed! dost think so? I'll try thee farther;
 and if thou dost not pray of me to take thy daugh-
 ter—I know not the workings of the human heart—
 Now to seek her, to open my heart to her, inform
 her of my dangers, my engagements. I know her
 feeling nature, I must play deeply and subtilly
 here—no time, no opportunity must be lost. She
 must, she shall be mine. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*A Room in Walburg's House.**Enter* IMMALLEE.

Imma. 'Tis all in vain, their anxiety afflicts me, but my own wretchedness drives me mad—Oh Lorenzo! How I pity thee, to gain my love, what hast thou not sacrificed—every thing has been risked for our good; but no! I cannot love him—Love! alas, that feeling is dead within me; Rinaldo's grave contains my heart, my love, and never can another share his place in my remembrance, my affections—What strange feeling comes over—Oh! thus have I felt in happier days, when all things were bright about me—his footsteps, or his voice would cause my heart to throb—my pulse beat high—but now alas!—ha! (*—Melmoth open the window, and looks out*) What do I see! My eyes swim—Rinaldo, Rinaldo—or is't a spirit! Speak! Speak!—

Mel. Immalee!

Imma, 'Tis he! 'Tis he! (*Screams and falls senseless,*
MELMOUTH *Enters and raises*)

Mel. Immalee rouse thee.—

Imma. (*recovering*) Ha! The blest vision has fled! And, no! Still 'tis here! Rinaldo, speak what would'st thou? speak, honoured shade.—

Mel. Immalee, I live.

Imma. Am I then permitted once more to see thee, once more to hold thee in these trembling arms—oh! Inconceivable joy.

Mel. Oh! Immalee—sweeter than the air we breathe.

Imma. They told me you was dead! But I believed it not.

Mel. Immalee, they told you true, a seeming death was upon me—the world seemed lost to me for ever—but—nay, lean on me, Immalee, a few short fleeting hours are allotted me—To the point!—My name is not Rinaldo, but Melmoth!

Imma. (*shudders*) Melmoth!

Mel. Aye, Melmoth! Melmoth the Wanderer! Listen— I have made a compact—signed with blood—witnessed by fiends—registered in hell, to wed a maid with her own consent, and deliver up her first born to—

Imma. Hold! Oh, hold! And do you wish to sacrifice your Immalee! oh, Melmoth! I have ever loved thee—I knew thee not.

Mel. Pshaw—you know me now! say—will you be mine?

Imma. The terms are—

Mel. Immalee, do you love me?—

Imma. Love thee—thou knowest I do!

Mel. Prove it! Consent!

Imma. Horror and Love are combating within this bosom, one would make me to flee from thee for ever, the other make me thine—but, my mind is heated now—I cannot resolve—to-morrow I will tell—I must retire.

Mel. To-morrow be it then—Immalee, farewell! (*Exit Immalee—Melmoth gazes after her*) To-morrow! Then, Immalee, thou art mine! [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*View of the Hall of Justice—at the back, a large entrance, steps leading to it; on one side the Palace of Guzman—on the other the Monastery—large handsome gates leading to it—Stage dark.*

Enter POPO.

Popo. Plague on it— how dark its gotten; the Monks have been so busy all day, that I have not been able to see father Anselmo. I must see him now, or my Slutto will tear my eyes out!—The dear little cherub! I hope I shant affront their holinesses, or perhaps they may give me a free admission to their friend the—hey! what a bustle there seems—I tremble every joint—poh! faint heart never gained fair lady; Now for it! Courage my Boy! (*Pulls bell,*

it rings loud.) Oh, Lord! what a jirk I've given *(the gate opens, and a Mute appears.)* How do you do, Sir?—*(The Mute motions him to be quiet)* what does hemean? *(burlesques the motions of Mute)* I beg your pardon, sir, but me and Slutto will be very much obliged to you, if—if—*(The Mute stamps with his foot, and exhibits a scroll, on which is inscribed "Silence or Death!")* "Silence or Death!" Oh, I'm as quiet as a mouse—only if you could just tell father Anselmo—*(Mute points off, and motions for him to begone.)* Oh! Certainly, Sir! I'm gone—Oh, Slutto! Slutto!—When shall we be married?

[*Exit.*

[*The Mute looks after him—opens gate—beckons—two others enter—he points, and they exit after Popo—the first to gate.* [*Music.*

(CHORUS OF MONKS AND PROCESSION.)

Hail, Justice! Heaven descended hail!
 To thee we swell the hymn of praise!
 Oh! May thy influence e'er prevail!
 Still may'st thou cheer Life's gloomy ways!

Justice! Universal good,
 Queller of the deadly feud,
 By thee, the hapless wretch redress'd,
 Finds hope revive within his breast.
 The King, the Subject, Lord, and Hind,
 All thy untold blessings find.

[*During the Chorus several Inquisitors enter the Hall.—Confused noises are heard at conclusion of Chorus.*

WALBURG *rushes on.*

Wal. Way—Way! Waste not thy breath with empty sounds of that which is far, far above thy grasp. Way—Way.

He rushes up the steps, and is about to enter, two Mutes appear in front of door, which suddenly opens—Melmoth is seen within surrounded by the Officers of the Inquisition.—They exhibit a scroll—on which appears—“All to the Church!” Walburg utters a cry of anguish—falls senseless on the steps,—Monks, &c. group around him.

END OF ACT THE FIRST.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Room in Walburg's House.—
Lorenzo, Frederico, Ina, discovered—the child plays at the back.—Ina and Lorenzo supposed to have been in anxious Conversation.

Loren. Nay, nay, Ina, is this well? remember your health is injured by this violent emotion; besides, I cannot see the reason.

Ina. What, Lorenzo! After watching for him in vain during last night—the day on the last decline, and still absent!—Oh, Lorenzo! Did you but feel—but you are not a parent! Do not—do not upbraid me! Walburg has been rash—very rash! Why spend all our earnings? but I will not despair! I will try to hope!

Loren. Nay, this is too bad! I could account for a little anxiety, but now, you really exceed all bounds,—Ha! Allow yourself to think what you will be—not what you may!—Walburg and yourself living in ease and happiness—Immalee enjoying that place in society, she was formed to move in—

Myself happy by serving you—and this little man, if it fails to make you happy, at least it will make him so—Won't it, Frederico?

Fred. Why, I do not know, Lorenzo. I know, that I have been very happy, when you have carried me from town to town, and shewn me the wonders of the great world; but, when you bade me look at our old house for the last time, the tears came to my eyes; and when my play-fellows surrounded me, to bid me good bye, my heart was so full I could not speak to them; but I pressed their hands so hard, they must have known what I meant.

Loren. But you must forget them now.

Fred. What, Lorenzo, forget them because I have grown rich! No, Lorenzo! I am very young, but I remember what my father has told me, that the riches of the great was designed for the relief of the poor, and that the richest people were generally the most wicked. Now, Lorenzo, if I thought it would have that effect upon you, or us, or my father and mother, I would rather we were back again in our old peaceful cottage, press our hard pallets, and pluck our daily food from the brook that ripples round the cottage. What think ye, mother? ah! you sigh! and now a tear drops from your eye upon my hand; why do you weep, mother? speak! speak to your poor Frederico!

Ina. Good boy, may you ever think thus! may thy youthful innocence never be ripened into manhood and hypocrisy, but with thy years may'st thou retain thy virtue and so be happy; joyous here and hereafter. Sing Frederico! sing—

Fred. I will, dear mother, the air is a lively one, and may charm you from your melancholy—

Song.—FREDERICO.

The Village Bell! The Village Bell!

How richly sweet its chime doth swell.

Ding, ding, ding, &c.

To those whose hearts
From Guilt are free;
To those who ne'er
Knew misery.

The Village Bell will e'er impart
Sweet pleasure to the guiltless heart.

Ding, ding, ding, &c.

The Village Bell! The Village Bell!
How soothing sweet, its chime doth swell.

Ding, ding, ding, &c.

To those whose woes
Rack e'en in sleep,
Who, when they wake
But wake to weep.

Sweet Village Bell thou can'st impart,
Balm even to the breaking heart.

Ding, ding, ding, &c.

Loren. Bravo! Aye, Ina, hug him to your breast, you may well be proud of him! he does credit to those who were his tutors, and who one day will receive the reward of their labors. What!—tell me that such talent was doomed to bloom and blow, and spread its fragrance in a cottage! No, boy! a palace awaits thee! you shall be honored, worshipped, and—

Ina. Lorenzo forbear! nor let your visionary fancies cheat you of your wits—forbear.

Loren. Visionary, or not—I have determined to look at the bright side of the picture, and—(*a knock*) Ha! he comes—now then we shall be convinced.

[*Ina catches at a chair for support—Lorenzo opens the door—Walburg rushes in—in a state of desperation—throws himself on his knees, covers his face with his hands—his whole person agitated and convulsed.*

Loren. Good Heavens! what means this phrenzy?

Ina. My Walburg, how is it?

Wal. Not a ducat! not a ducat! (*relapses.*)

Ina. Rouse thee, Walburg!—nay—tis thy Ina calls!

Wal. Ina!—Where is she?—Ha! art thou there? Away—away!—When thou knowest it, thou wilt curse me.

Ina. Nay, Walburg—not so.—Ina will never break the bruised reed—will never wound the heart that loves her.

Wal. Then thou art mine—Bride of despair, thou art mine!

Fred. Father, Lorenzo says I shall have a horse, and live in a great house.—Shall I, father?

Wal. (*spurning him.*) Thou shalt be a very dog—a beggar in the street shall be a prince to thee!—Thou shalt be loathed—scorned—cursed—for your father's sake; and, oh, heavens!—Lorenzo! Did Lorenzo tell thee—Oh! may my withering curse fall on him and all his kin; and——

Ina. Husband, for the love of heaven withhold this frantic speech!—Lorenzo loves us all, dearly loves us!

Wal. Lorenzo, passion hurried me—Your hand. Oh, good youth, did you know but half the misery now rankling, tearing within my bosom, you would forgive—pity me.

Loren. Walburg, this excess of grief amazes me! Recover yourself, and let us know the extent of your misfortune, that with alacrity we may pour the healing balm of comfort, and share your sorrow.

Ina. Speak, and let us know the worst.—Already I anticipate——

Wal. Know, then, that upon opening the Will, I found that——Oh! by heaven, my tongue blisters while I relate it—I found “all was left to the Church!”

Loren. A vile forgery!—Walburg, proceed.

Wal. Doubting its validity, I demanded trial.—Strait it was ordered. I stated my case—was reviled, scoffed, and abused. Finally, sentence was pronounced against me—in favour of the Church! Oh! then my rage was up——Choaking ire rose to

my throat—my hands clenched my sword—another moment, and I had rushed upon them, and bought my death. But dearly—dearly——

Ina. Your death!—Oh, Walburg!

Wal. A secret, hidden hand withheld me. My visionary fancies presented thee to my aching view: Oh! then my hand dropped nerveless to my side—My spirit groaned within me—ague seized me—and I rushed from the glorying, exulting court of wickedness and blasphemy. At the porch Melmoth accosted me.

Ina & Loren. Melmoth!

Wal. Aye, Melmoth:—And, if that amazes thee, list again, and let it turn thy brain, as it has mine. Melmoth and Rinaldo are one!

[*They shudder—Ina sinks into a Chair.*]

Loren. Just heavens!—And spake he to ye? —What said he?—I am filled with wonder!

Wal. Yes.—yes!—The dead rises from the grave—the tomb gives up its inhabitant—the cold and loathsome living corpse demands my innocent offspring as the bride of pollution. Corruption!—the dead!—No, by heaven it shall not be!—Oh! the curses of the wicked one are strong—I feel them—they are upon me!—Brand after brand strikes to my brain—Curse!—I am the cause:—Curse! Curse!—(*Falls exhausted.*)

Loren. (*raising him.*) Walburg, be more yourself: shake off this agitation, for your own happiness—the happiness of your wife, your child, your Immalee!

Wal. (*starting up.*) Immalee!—Where is she?

Ina. But now she left us—doubtless she is in her room.

Wal. Lorenzo, go—nay—quickly, quickly!—Oh! excuse my harshness—I know not what I do or say. See if my Immalee is in her room—bring her here—I would speak with her. There—go—go——

[*Exit Lorenzo.*]

Ina. Why so anxious for her?—She is——

Wal. Wife, wife, there is a reason. I could tell thee, that would——Now, where is she? Will she come? (to Lorenzo, as he enters.)

Loren. She has left the house!

Wal. Ha! where—where is she gone? Wife, for pity's sake, tell me——

Ina. You terrify me!—She spoke of visiting the Abbey ruins: I knew not she had gone.

Wal. The Abbey ruins!—Then I must seek her there. Oh! Ina, I could tell thee, that would make thy flesh creep in horror, thy blood curdle with disgust. But, while I speak, she is lost—while I hesitate, she is ruined past redemption!—Answer not—speak not—anon, I'll join thee.—Immalee, stay! thy father comes. Join not thy hands with his: wed with the grave first.—Immalee!

[*Rushes out.*—*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE II.—*Abbey Ruins.*

Enter IMMALEE and MELMOTH.

Mel. Then, Immalee, you are mine. Said you not so?

Imma. Oh, no, no! I said it not!—Melmoth, cannot the horrid price of happiness be annulled?

Mel. Say, Immalee, if I was stretched before you a black and stiffened corpse—my eyes closed in death—the grave ready to close on me for ever, and thy voice could bring me back, and thy word could bid me live, say, Immalee, would you be my preserver?

Imma. Thou knowest I would—my life should be sacrificed to save thine. But, Melmoth, to consent to——

Mel. Hold!—A moment longer, and hear me. If thou dost not consent to be mine before the hour of midnight—(thou sayest thou lov'st me)—this body will be stretched before you a black and stiffened corpse; my eyes will be closed—my eyeballs dim; the grave will be yawning for its victim;

my time will have arrived—my hour will be come
Oh, Immalee! ages—eternities of torture await
me! Speak, speak, and bless—preserve thy Mel-
moth!

Imma. How to act—how to resolve!—When
my poor father hears it, 'twill shorten his dear life,
and bring him down heart-broken to the grave.
Oh, Melmoth! gain my father's consent, and Im-
malee will renounce kindred, country, habits,
thoughts:—Gain but his consent, and I am thine
for ever.

Mel. If I could gain thy father's sanction, wouldst
thou consent to join thy destiny with mine?
Would'st thou indeed be mine, amid mystery and
sorrow? Would'st thou follow me from land to sea,
and from sea to land—a restless, harmless, devoted
being—the brand on thy brow, and the curse on
thy name? Wouldst thou indeed be mine, my own,
my only Immalee?

Imm. (wildly) I would! I will! (*Throws herself
into his arms.*)

[Walburg, without.]

Wal. Immalee! Immalee! my child, where art
thou?

Imma. Haste! 'tis my father's voice!—Swift!
let me fly! His frown would annihilate me.

Mel. Nay, stay: the moment is most opportune.
I will put it to him.

Wal. (entering.) Ha! Immalee, my child, I have
found thee!—Come, thy father's arms are open to
receive ye.—Monster! detain her not; or, by
heavens! you shall find that I have yet the strength
and courage of my youth!

Mel. Nay, waste not words, good man. Im-
malee (to save me from an impending death) con-
sents to wed with Melmoth. Thy approbation alone
is wanted, and Immalee will be mine.

Wal. 'Tis false—'tis false as hell!—She cannot
be so lost to virtue, reason, duty!—Say, Imma-
lee—But, hold! Before the word doth pass that

beauteous lip, list to me :—The monster, Melmoth, stands before you—Now, speak, and ease my soul.

Imma. I know him, my father—I know 'tis Melmoth.

Wal. By heavens, she leans toward him!—Immalee—Immalee, and wouldst thou wed with a monster, who will prey upon thy every hour of peace and happiness; whose every movement betrays the ferocity, malignity of his soul? Wouldst thou then wed a *demon*, Immalee?

Mel. Speak, Immalee.

Imma. I!—oh, look not so sternly on me—I! nay, then I cannot tell thee.

Wal. Speak! Confess! (*sternly.*)

Imma. I love him! I love him!

Mel. Thou hearest—

Wal. I do! (*a pause.*)—Oh, Immalee! I had thought that when Walburg, or Ina, died—their Immalee would have mourned the loss, comforted, nourished, cherished the survivor with filial and affectionate kindness; but, all pleasant hopes are blasted—lost—for ever. I see thee willingly renounce thy home—thy parents—kindred—all! I cannot withhold!

Imma. Father! dear father! Wring not your poor Immalee's already broken heart to anguish! Melmoth! the terms—the horrid terms by which I am to be your's! my father knows them not. He must! he must!

Mel. Infatuated girl! But, if it must be so, know, that I have sworn to marry a maid, and—

Wal. Enough! I know thee not! Immalee—I cannot tell what magic spell draws thee with such force towards destruction—but, if thou didst ever love thy parent—if thou did'st ever reverence his command—by that love—by that obedience—I entreat thee—follow me!

Imma. (*Agitated greatly.*) Father—I—nay, Melmoth, he will relent;—on my knees, I implore—entreat!

Wal. Kneel not to me! Speak not to me!—
 Immalee—return to us—quit that demon—and I
 will bless thee!—but, if thou dost resist me—oh!
 may my deepest curse fall heavy on you—may
 every fancied happiness be found a grief—may sick-
 ness, misery, and all the long catalogue of disastrous
 ills, fall on thee and thine!—Follow me!

Imma. Father—I will—I will go with you!

Mel. (*Seizing her hand.*) Immalee! at midnight!

Imma. Ha! my brain's on fire!—Father! ha, ha!
 —Melmoth!

Wal. Immalee—thy father calls! follow!

Imma. Heavens! Father, I obey! Melmoth,
 farewell—for ever! Father, I come!—ha—ha—ha!

[*Attempts to follow her Father—but, before she
 reaches him, (as he exits) she falls senseless.—
 Melmoth raises her.—The Scene closes on them.*]

SCENE III.—Room at Walburg's.

*LORENZO enters—leans upon a Table, in a dejected
 manner.*

Lor. Yes—it shall be so! my health! my life!
 all for her happiness.—Yes—he shall be obeyed!
 What is life—what health—if deprived of that which
 makes life durable? 'tis resolved!—a few struggles,
 groans, and throbs, and all that is mortal, sinks into
 dark deep slumber. Immalee! that name—just
 heaven—how I have loved her! but, no more of this—
 I shall grow coward.—Their means are not sufficient
 for their own support—why? why should I be the
 devourer of their mite?—this note will explain—
 (*lays it on the table.*)—Pardon—pardon—just om-
 nipotent power! Immalee—may'st thou learn from
 this how great—how desperate the love of Lorenzo—
 the lost—dead—dead Lorenzo!—[*Rushes into a room.*]

*Enter INA, with Child asleep—she lays it down,
 and gazes on it.*

Ina. Sleep on, sweet innocent! may thy future

dreams be all as peaceful! may'st thou never wake to half the grief—the agony—the desperate despair of thy poor famished parents! Two days—no nourishment—alas! alas! I can no longer bear it—my child! my child!

Wal. (*without, knocking.*) Wife! Wife! Open quickly! [*Knocking repeated.*]

Ina. (*Opens door.*) Hush! speak low—the baby sleeps.

Wal. (*Advances to the Child—gazes at it a moment—then, seizing his Wife's hand, he looks anxiously in her face.*)—Hark ye, wife—I once thought, that by humouring their infant wishes, we ensured love and respect from them when arrived at years of maturity. Alas! I find I was mistaken; vice blends its baneful bitters in the cup where every virtue seemed to dwell—the sweet whispering cup is raised—the bitter horrid poison dashes to the lip, and every promised sweet is nauseous bitter. Ina! if thou would'st not nourish an adder in thy bosom, which will one day sting thee to the soul—now, that sleep, innocent sleep rests on its eyelids—say! shall I?—Speak, Ina!—(*Seizes a large knife.*)

Ina. Walburg! what means this wild, this incoherent talk? Our daughter, Immalee—

Wal. Ha! forbear! she is the source—the hellish source of all my woes.

Ina. What of her, Walburg?

Wal. Seek not the knowledge of it—but why withhold? Immalee—the child of our youth—the child of our dear lasting love—is lost—lost for ever! Melmoth will call her bride—oh! everlasting tortures!—"the bride of death!"

Ina. It cannot be! It cannot be! I know her heart—her feeling nature—ever kind, pure, and affectionate! It cannot be!

Wal. Ina—you deceive yourself!—Listen! I have resolved! our names must be blotted from the earth. Death—murder—desperation is in my mind! Ina—I have sworn—strive not to persuade me! I will not

live to see my child's disgrace—my honest family's misery and infamy!—a few more days at most, and horrid lingering death await us. Starvation!—oh! 'tis horrid! say, will it not be best to save the anguish—agony—and die at once—speak?

Ina. Walburg—for shame! Where is now your firmness? Where is now your faith? I have shared your fate! food has not passed my lips since last you shared it! Still—I will not repine—but trust that the same power that inflicts will one day remove the infliction, and again bless us with health, and life, and happiness.

Wal. Sure thou art more than mortal! I sink beneath affliction—but thou, Phoenix like, dost rise amidst the ruins of our fortune, and smile in sweet serenity;—but, I must now be firm. Why should we live—and but to meet with death—when thus I could rid me of woe, disgrace, and infamy?

Ina. We have admired the firmness of the martyrs—we have loved them for their zeal. Now, Walburg—our time is come! it is an hour sharp and terrible!

Wal. It is indeed. (*Shudders.*)

Ina. But shall we therefore shrink?—Your ancestors were the first in Germany who embraced the Reformed Religion—have bled and blazed for it. Can there be a stronger attestation to the truth of it?

Wal. Yes, yes; that of starving for it. I have often felt—I feel it now—that a death at the stake would be happiness to what I now suffer.—What is this I hold?

Ina. It is my hand, my love.

Wal. Your's!—No—impossible!—Your hand was soft and cool—but this is dry!—is this a human hand? *Ina*—you must have been starving.

Ina. Alas! we have all been so!

[*A faint groan is heard as from the Room.*]

Wal. Hark? what death-like horrid moan was that?—*Ina!* heard you that dreadful groan?

Ina. Groan! no—'twas but the child moaning in its sleep.

Wal. Ha! Why does he moan?

Ina. Alas! Hunger is the cause!

Wal. And I sit and hear this!—I sit to hear his young sleep broken by dreams of hunger—while, for a word's speaking, I could pile this floor with mountains of gold, and all for the risk of—

Ina. Of what?—(*pauses*)—Of what? Oh, let us die—rot—before your face, rather than thou should'st seal your perdition by that horrible—

Wal. (*fiercely.*) Hear me, woman! Hear me, and tremble not!—To see my children die of famine, will be to me instant suicide, and impenitent despair—But, if I close with this fearful offer, I may yet repent! escape, there is hope on one side—on the other, none. None! None!—Your arms cling around me—but they are cold! you are wasted to a skeleton! shew me the means of a single meal, and I will spit at the tempter, and spurn him. But—where—where to find it? Let me go then to meet him! you will pray for me, *Ina*? *Ina*! Heavens! am I then speaking to a corpse? (*She sinks into a chair*) Ha! Is it so indeed? (*looks at her with agitation*) The cold hand of death is on her—starts up wildly—seizes the knife) The Child!—Oh, madness!—Misery—my Child! Is there no other hand but mine to—God!—To murder thee!—Well, well; better so, than to let thee live to beg—to—to—to curse the author of your being!—No more! Phrenzy is in the thought!—Urchin! To thy heart!—(*raises the knife, and snatches off the covering*) Ha! Ha! Ha! See! See! it smiles upon me—I cannot, cannot do it! (*stands irresolute*)

[*Ina starts from the chair—throws herself into the arms of Walburg.—The Child clings to his knee.*

Ina. Walburg, dear Walburg! (*he looks anxiously on them*)

Wal. Then thou art restored to life and suffering—
 nay, raise thy head—shelter it in my bosom—*Ina.*
Ina—(*knocking*) Lorenzo, quick—open the door—
 (*knocking repeated*) Lorenzo—(*The door is forced,*
and several Inquisitors rush in—and the Chief
stands forward)

Inq. Seize the Murderers!

Ina & Wal. Murderers!—Murderers!

Wal. Back.—The first who lifts a hand, or
 steps a foot, dies on the spot——Back——
 Back, I say! (*he raises the knife*) Monsters! Have I
 not been cast sufficiently low by your machinations,
 and art thou come here to heap insult upon injury.
 Beware! Beware! Beard not the lion in his den.

Inq. Nay, hold this frantic speech, and
 know—Information has been laid before the Holy
 Inquisition, that you have committed horrid murder
 on the body of the youth Lorenzo—your unwilling-
 ness to open the door—the situation of your wife—
 your present alarm, and evident fear.——

Wal. Rage! Rage!

Inq. The knife! All!—All! convince me of the
 fact.

2nd. Inq. A letter, we found it on the table—its
 contents may help the present charge.

Inq. (*reads*) Ha! 'tis plain—"The body to be
 delivered to Melmoth."—Now then, where have
 you concealed your victim?

Wal. Wonder, indignation, and horror! Bind up
 my speech!—Death to your fancies! Behold! In
 this Room, (I will conduct you) he sleeps in peace.

[*All but Ina enter room.*]

Ina. Just heavens grant that the charge be false;
 and yet I doubt me.

[*A cry of horror is heard within, Walburg rushes*
out of room, followed by Inquisitors.]

Ina. Now—Walburg—speak!—Lorenzo is——

Wal. At the point of death!

Ina. Good heavens!—But you——

Wal. No—I am innocent! The blood pours vitally

from his bosom, and every vein—speech is gone—
I am innocent—I am innocent—of blood!

Ing. Bear him to the cells of the Inquisition!
Let the dying man be taken care of—dress his
wounds—bear him after us! Come!—Prepare!—
Follow! (*as they are going out*)

Imma. (*without*) Father! Father! Dear Father!—
(*She enters, rushes up to her father, and throws
herself at his feet—he spurns her.*)

Wal. Viper—Behold! This is the work of thy
adored—detested Melmoth—I die! I die! But oh,
how contented if I do but hear you say, you will
renounce him.—My own Immalee—renounce him!

Imma. I do—I do!

Wal. Swear!

Imma. (*kneels*) Father, I swear!

MELMOTH enters, and seizes her hand.

Mel. Immalee—Remember at Midnight.

Wal. Immalee—your oath!

Imma. Father—Melmoth!

[*She seizes both their hands—looks at each a
moment, and then composing herself, clasps her
hands fervently, and exclaims—I swear! Falls
prostrate at the feet of Walburg. They form
a picture—Curtain Falls.*]

END OF ACT THE SECOND.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Landscape—Evening.

Enter POPO, followed by SLUTTO.

Slutto. Popo—Popo, you're a deceiver.

Popo. Slutto, you're a plague.

Slutto. Hey day! marry come up, my gentle
Signor—and hey for your soft tender dears—why
you deceitful—yes, I say deceitful, why haven't you
sworn a hundred odd times, that I was your only
love?

Popo. Well—but then I was a novice.

Slutto. Signor Popo—hold your tongue—I will

—speak—a pretty life I'm likely to lead, if this is your treatment before marriage, what am I to expect after? one word for all, Jeronymo Popo; you're not a man fit to be called my husband—so troop—march.

Popo. But my dear—think of my vows—

Slutto. False.

Popo. My promises—

Slutto. Useless.

Popo. My tears—

Slutto. Feigned.

Popo. My groans—

Slutto. A fetch.

Popo. What! is this my sweet, darling, dear, soft, tender, languishing, dying, crying, pleasing Signora Margaretta Slutto.—Why then—if it is the dear little angel—angel's all sham—I can see through it, and now I've found you, you are a devil in petticoats.

Slutto. “A devil in petticoats!”

Popo. Where's your hoofs?

Slutto. My hoofs, ha!—

Popo. What have you done with your tail?

Slutto. My tail—my hoof—a devil—why—

Popo. Ha, ha, ha!—and was you really soft, enough to think, that I was in earnest. Ha, ha, ha!—why bless your stupid head, I've a sweet, soft pretty, tender, little girl—that—

Slutto. Popo!—

Popo. Tall figure—

Slutto. Signor Popo!

Popo. Plump—

Slutto. Popo! Popo!

Popo. Fine eyes—

Slutto. Oh, my dear Popo!

Popo. And then, her nose, her cheeks, her lips—her lips, you little fool, Oh, fire, love, and Cupid!—her lips—

Slutto. But Popo—who is she?

Popo. Ha, how I've kissed those beautiful lips!—Phew.

Slutto. Where is she, Popo, my love?

Popo. I've taken her round the waist, so—chucked her under the chin, so—and then I've kissed, so—so—so. (*kisses her furiously.*)

Slutto. Popo! Popo! What are you at?

Popo. Making it up, you little devil.

Slutto. What, then are you really in earnest?

Popo. Really? Ha! ha! ha!—I see how it is: you want me to fall out again, for the pleasure of making it up—Eh! eh! Its all done—its settled.

Slutto. What's, done, Popo?

Popo. Why, Father Anselmo will be with us at Midnight—then he'll join our hands, marry us you know—you'll sell yourself to me—I shall give myself to you—and you'll be Mrs. Margaretta Slutto Popo.—What is to be.——

DUETT.—SLUTTO and POPO.

From "FEUDAL TIMES."

Slutto. All shall leave their labouring,
We'll call each honest neighbour in:
Hey for pipe and tabouring,
When I and Popo wed.

Popo. Never shall our holiday
Be called a melancholy day;
It shall be a jolly day
When I and Slutto bed.

Both. *Fal de ral de ral, &c.*

Slutto. Then, Popo, sweet Popo, since you have a mind to me,
Pray promise, when married, always to be kind to me.

Popo. All that I have, Slutto; I have little riches though,
All shall be thine, Slutto: I must wear the breeches though.

Both. *Fal de ral.*

Slutto. Yet they say, love's a doubt,
Marriage often wears it out:—
Ere a year comes about,
Lost is love and joy.

Popo. Ere a year passes by,
Sure our love will multiply;
Mother you—Father I—
Of a chopping Boy!

Both

Fal de ral, &c.
[*Exeunt.*]

Enter IMMALLEE, *followed by* MELMOTH.

Imma. Father! Father!—dear Father!

Mel. (*restraining her.*) Immalee, forbear! why seek certain destruction?—Immalee, behold me prostrate—humble—heart-broken—at your feet! I love ye—love ye to distraction!—Immalee, the shades of evening are drawing close around us: a few short moments alone are left. Immalee, be my better angel—my preserver!

Imma. Melmoth, is this a time to talk of love?—is this a time to dream of happiness?—My father! my poor dear father!—(*weeps.*)

Mel. Angel of mercy, stay and hear me!—Upbraid me not—do not condemn me. If I am passionate, your beauty makes me so; if I am precipitate, oh! Immalee, my danger causes it. Think, think, my Immalee. Thou wilt not murder me!

Imma. Melmoth, cease to persuade—I have sworn——

Mel. Sweet, you have. But have you allowed yourself to think on half the horror that oath, if strictly kept, will bind upon ye?—Immalee, can I gaze on thy sweet face, blooming in all the life and paradise of virtue, and marked with every budding innocence, and then to think it possible that thou couldst contemplate thy father stretched on the rack—thy mother's limbs writhing in agony—when by a single word, a syllable, you could snatch them from impending death. No, no, no, Immalee!—it must not—cannot be.

Imma. Ha! is it thus?—But, who has driven them to this horrid pass?—'Twas you, Melmoth—'twas you, on whom my heart doted—You—you!——

Mel. It was. You know my power—be wise, be happy. An oath!—Oh, Immalee! if thou dost love thyself, thy father, mother, or else respect it not. On one side, happiness and all its merry train presents itself—on the other, misery, beggary, despair, and death. Come, come, Immalee—the Abbey Ruins.—Wed me.—Behold! night ap-

proaches :—a fatal, horrid night to me. —Come—the Abbey Ruins !—Come—come.

Imma. Melmoth, your words have pierced me to my soul. Go to my father; pray to him for consent: he will relent—he will pardon—he will—he will!—Bring him to the Abbey Ruins—I'll meet thee there. Time wears—away, Melmoth, away!

Mel. I go—I go. Oh! may the expression of thine eye beam in mine, when pleading to thy father—then, and then alone, success is certain.—With eagle's swiftness will I seek your Father, and join you on the instant.—Remember!—Remember!

Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*Dungeon of the Inquisition.*

A lamp suspended from the roof—a grated door on one side—at the back, a small secret panel door. Walburg asleep on a couch—Ina lying on some straw.

Wal. (dreaming.) Ha! lovely youth!—Lorenzo, they said I killed you. Thy face is bright, and thy hair shiny. Your hand, Lorenzo—Oh! cold—cold—cold.—Again! what ails thee?—Thy hair is clotted with blood!—Ha! avaunt!—'tis Melmoth—Demon!—before her poor father's face—Hark! she calls her father!—Immalee, I come—come—Die, viper, die!—What have I done?—Immalee! oh, poor Immalee!—Ha! the room blazes!—save the child!—Wife—Ina—see that beam! ha! it blazes—burns—it cracks—ha! ha! it falls—it crushes—Gods! Wife—Ina—Ina!—(*Starts up wildly, and rushes to the front.*)

Ina. Walburg—dear Walburg—

Wal. Ina here?—Ina, they went this way—you must have let them pass.—Oh! 'twas cruel—cruel—cruel—

Ina. Talk not thus wildly, dearest—you alarm me!—

Wal. Wildly, wildly—why should I be otherwise, is not my daughter dead? am I not curst and hated, and loathed by all the world?—Ina!—Ina!—I have floods at my heart!—madness on my brain!—I am a wretch!—a very wretch!—

Ina. Dear Walburg!—do not agitate yourself thus——

Wal. (vacantly) Oh, Ina! I know you love me—yes, though I have ruined all your prospects, and blasted all your hopes—still I find, I feel you love me—Ina, I shall die soon. You will weep for me, wear sables on my account, and drop a tear upon my grave.—Ina—

Ina. Dear Walburg, rest on this mat—I will watch by you.

Wal. Hush, Ina!—'tis folly. Can a father rest, and know his child's in danger? No, no!—Wife—quick—quick; my hat, my cloak!—I must go forth and seek her.

Ina. Seek her, Walburg?—Think ye, think ye the horrid dungeons of the Inquisition enclose us—the grated gates bind us securely?

Wal. The Inquisition!

Ina. Oh, think on Immalee—on Lorenzo—on Melmoth.

Wal. Ha! thought flashes on me.—Oh! this is the workings of the power of darkness.—Melmoth, Melmoth, where art thou?—(Melmoth opens the secret door, and steps forward.)

Mel. Behold him!—Name your wish.

Wal. Release us from this dungeon: restore us to our lost happiness.

Mel. You shall be obeyed. Immalee awaits us at the Abbey Ruins. Follow me.

Ina. Walburg, forbear: you shall not go.—Demon, thy bait is useless here—desist!

Mel. Cease, woman!—Walburg, follow me.—The priest awaits us—the altar is prepared—the hour approaches. Come—come.

Wal. Lead. Wife, I am desperate. Strive not to persuade me—I am resolved. Follow me, Ina.

Mel. Follow. Quick—quick! moments are precious. Leave her—we will return.—Come, Walburg.

Wal. A moment——

Mel. No, no!

Wal. My Ina—

Mel. Away! away! away!—(*Forces him out—the door is closed.*)

Ina. (*endeavouring to open it.*) Melmoth! Melmoth! Walburg!—Help! help!—A prisoner has escaped. Ha, ha, ha! Better see him writhing in horror, better view him bleeding, dying, dead! before me—than lost, abandoned by his country, religion, God. Another Cain, to bear the everlasting brand of infamy and disgust!—Look down, ye powers supreme! avert the dreadful crime—direct—assist—

(*Clock strikes Eleven.*)

Ha! another hour, and all will be safe. Immalee—Walburg—Help—I die—Oh! Heavenly powers (*She swoons—a voice is heard.*—“Walburg! Ina!” *The bars of the window are forced, and Lorenzo appears lowering a ladder into the dungeon—he fixes it.—Speaks while descending.*)

Loren. Hist! Walburg! Walburg! How is this? Ina—all silent!—Surely I have not mistaken the dungeon—(*he has by this time reached the ground—he paces about with disorder, at length discovers Ina—he raises her*)

Ina. Ha! Walburg, have you then returned to your Ina? oh! speak, and bless me with the words—you are safe.

Loren. Ina, look up!—’tis Lorenzo calls.—Say, has Walburg escaped?

Ina. Lorenzo! It is indeed!—Oh, Lorenzo!—Yes, he has escaped—Would to heaven he had died rather!—Melmoth has been here.—Behold yon secret door—there they escaped.—But how is this, that thou art thus revived.

Loren. Some drugs administered, soon restored me to myself.—But we lose time—some spring, doubtless is concealed.—Search.—Ha! I have it!—’Tis here!—Hasten, Ina!

Ina. Ha! Hope beams on my soul! haste, Lorenzo! follow quickly!

Loren. I will.—First to hide the ladder. (*a noise is heard without*) Ha! Some one approaches—nay

then, delay is madness.—(*he rushes to secret door.*)
 The spring—I cannot find it—death to my hopes—
 'tis here—it resists all force—nay then I must abide
 the issue! (*seats himself at the table.*)

GRIMON, the Jailor, enters—Puts down a jug and loaf.

Grim. (*without observing*) Here—come and partake,
 heretic dogs!—Ha, ha, ha, we're making a blazing fire
 for you—we're going to let you look at daylight once
 more, then clap the extinguisher on you for ever!—
 Why the diablo dont you thank me for my infor-
 mation? Eh! Holloa! Why how is this?—Gone—
 Lorenzo here! Where are the Prisoners?

Loren. Escaped!

Grim. And by your contrivance, as I guess!

Loren. You guess aright!

Grim. Why now, in the name of all the saints,
 why did you not follow them?

Loren. I staid not willingly.

Grim. I dare say not! I dare say not! However,
 the scouts will be sent in search of them! Meanwhile
 the stake prepared for them will serve for you; the
 fire will blaze as hotly, because an heretic burns!
 Rest awhile! they will broil you as a kind of a
 relish for the larger quantity, when it can be found!
 I shall soon be back: till then make yourself quite
 at home—Rest! there's a bed—oh, oh,—I can
 assure you, you will not be upon thorns. (*going.*)

Loren. Stay—inhuman villain! — Stay and
 hear me.—I am young, rash, impetuous—never
 shall you leave this dungeon, without me!—let me
 escape—favour the deception—and I will pray to
 heaven for blessings on your mercy!

Grim. Ha, ha!—Blessing and cursing!—No, No,
 my fine fellow!—I know my duty—I love the
 church—and I hate heretics!—Why, on my Life—
 I would be foremost to light the pile, though 'twas
 to annihilate your whole race.

Loren. Monster!—Gold and silver I have none!
 the rich man's bribe, I cannot offer!—Prayers—
 tears avail me nothing!—Thy pardon heaven! One
 way alone remains!—(*Draws.*)—your life, or mine

Grim. Oh, just as you like, my bantam! Come, come on.—*They fight—Grimon is slain.*

Loren. My hands are stained with blood!—a fellow creature's blood!—Well, well, he was a wretch devoid of pity, feeling, or remorse, and pulled his death upon him!—ha! a thought strikes me! 'ere long he will be sought for! doubtless, his keys are about him!—if so—ha!—they are here!—First to hide the Corpse!—(*conceals it.*) A sudden faintness comes over me!—I must be sudden, or every chance is lost. Ha! the hat and cloak—thus equipped, I may defy discovery! (*disguises himself.*—*Exit at grated door, which he chains and bolts.*)

SCENE THE LAST.

Extensive and romantic view of Monastic Ruins by night—an open space at back—Thunder, Lightning, Wind, &c.—The lightning reveals; Tombs and Monuments falling to decay.—Tomb and Altar, on one side—on the other, grand Entrance to Monastery.

(*MELMOTH and MONK without.*)

Monk. Melmoth, thou art known! Attempt not to violate this holy shrine!—

Mel. Hoary fool, thy words pass me like the wind!—Follow! I have need of thee!

Monk. Nay, by heaven—you shall not enter!

Mel. Take then thy fate, grey headed dotard!—To thy heart!

[*A groan is heard—Melmoth enters, dragging the body of a Murdered Monk. Forces open tomb, hurls it in, and closes the door.*

Mel. Rest there awhile! E'er long thy services will be required—The time flies fast! Immalee! Must I then!—but I must not now relent.—I must remain the horrid wretch I am! hug to my breast, despair and infamy—and glut me on the nauseous banquet! where can they loiter? I left them in the porch.—(*Thunder, &c.*) Ha! That horrid peal! Too sure it speaks my fate!—Immalee!—Walburg!—It approaches!—Mercy!—Mercy! (*Thunder, Lightning, &c. a large dark cloud descends, gradually opens, and exhibits a large dial, with a hand nearly upon the hour of TWELVE. Lightning, &c.*

play upon its face. Melmoth stands aghast.) Horror! the time is arrived—still it strikes not! Why—why do I dally thus? Immalee! hasten or I'm lost—lost for ever! (*Walburg and Immalee enter at back.*) Ha! they come! Walburg! Immalee! Behold—behold the horrid record of my guilt—my shame! Come to the Altar! Haste—haste!

Imma. Father, the events of the night have nearly maddened me! I can no more—support me! (*faints.*)

Wal. Nay, dearest Immalee—rouse thee love—and brave these unnatural horrors with my wild heroism!

Mel. Quick!—Quick! Bear her to the Altar—she must be wedded thus! Ha! The hand moves—still it strikes not! Immalee—Rouse thee, love! (*He takes her in his arms.*) Toward the altar, Walburg!

Wal. Nay! Nay! She will recover!

Mel. A moment lost—seals my perdition!

[*He places her before the Altar.*]

Wal. The altar is prepared!—the bride is ready! The Father waits! where is the holy priest!

Mel. At hand!—Behold!—

[*He stamps his foot—the tomb bursts open—the Monk appears, surrounded by Fire;—a deep wound is upon his forehead, and his face is pale and ghastly.*]

Wal. It shall not be!—it shall not be!—No, rather would I meet death in its most horrid shape! Come, Immalee—my child!—let us leave this place of horror!—

Mel. Nay, but by hell you shall not!—Immalee, you have sworn—Walburg, your consent is registered by attesting angels! stir but a step, and this strong arm, nerved with infernal force, shall strike thee blasted to the earth!

Wal. Wretch!—an old man's hand—may strike thee to thy heart!—

[*They fight, Walburg disarmed and thrown.*]

Imma. Spare him! spare him! spare his grey hairs!

Mel. Be mine!

Imma. Never!

Mel. His fate is sealed!

[*Rushes towards him.—Immalee withholds him.*]

Imma. Help! help!

Mel. You call in vain.

[*Lorenzo rushes in—sword drawn.*

Loren. No—not while Lorenzo lives, or wears a sword!—Murderer!—Traitor!—dare if thou canst, the face and strength of youth, and so be vanquisher or vanquished nobly!—On!—

Mel. Head-strong boy!—Be sure thy fate is death for thy temerity!—[*They fight.—Exit fighting.*

Imma. (*Clinging to her Father.*) Father—Speak to your Immalee!—oh, what a scene is here!—ha! the dial! the hand moves—it is an hour! now, now, it strikes!

[*Melmoth enters at the moment,—stands aghast. It strikes slowly.*

Mel. The hour has arrived—and I am lost, lost for ever!—Immalee!—Walburg!—humbly on my knees, biting the earth at your feet, I entreat, implore—save me! save me!—say but the word, and I am redeemed!—Nine, Ten, nay then, 'tis too late! Walburg—had you not thrust yourself between me and bliss, I might have been repentant—happy!—Now to add, one more (the last) to the long catalogue of my crimes!—die!—

[*He seizes Walburg—they grapple—Walburg is thrown with force; the last sound strikes—Melmoth utters a cry of terror; a Thunderbolt descends, strikes him, he totters and falls near a ruin, which instantly falls to pieces, and crushes him. Shouts are heard.—Lorenzo and Ina rushes on, attended by a number of Monks, &c. bearing Torches; they rush to the Front.*

Loren. Joy! Joy to the heirs of Guzman! grappling with our dread enemy—his vest flew open! I seized it!—behold!

[*He exhibits a scroll, on which appears—“All to Walburg and his heirs.”*

Wal. Ha! is it—Joy! Joy! Wife! Immalee Lorenzo—my preserver!

[*They form a group.—Curtain falls.*